

Outkast F/ Erykah Badu, Big Rube, Cee Lo

"Rollin' Dolo"

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That's right, Boston
Yeah, Boston niggas be rollin' dolo from state to stae
It's nothing, we do this

[Chorus]
Still nobody guards I stay sucker free
Still sling rhymes hard I stay puffing trees
Rollin' Dolo from state to state
Still drop the hot shit for you to pull out your crate

[Guru]
Yo, jealousy can kill so I test my skill
Any pomp I can romp and stomp at will
Now as I gets my thrill it's like my daily drill
You spill raps and in (?) I've been made to ill
You can't talk the talk, you can't walk the walk
Been dwelling with the muggers and the murderers
talk
Your shocked by the way I regulate ya' obliterate ya'
Erase your obsolete weak cheap data

[ED O.G.]
It's this hip-hop art I stay true to, crack brew to
I fuck your girl a lot better than you do
The type of lyrics I spit will never fail you
Battle you online, type a letter forward it then email you
Take you off the track and de-rail you
Get the hell out my face don't want to be near you
Don't want your snippets hate your album or your
headshots
It's ED O.G. in the black-fitted Red Sox
Thuggin' the streets but you soft at home
You got skills off the dome?
I'm a off your dome
This is a battlefield, no time for screaming and yelling
You get smacked in the face use your ice for the
swelling
Besides the records I'm selling
My momma' raised no felon
On the hunt like Helen
For whack rappers who's jellin'

This is drama not a kitty show
You want to get fucked up
Like the low-budget video
I know a lot of time's passed
The ED O.G. is still here and ya'll still half-ass

[Chorus]

{Ya'll still half ass}
{Ya'll half-ass rappers}
Still nobody guards I stay sucker free
Still sling rhymes hard I stay puffing trees
Rollin' Dolo from state to state
Still drop the hot shit for you to pull out your crate

[Big Shug]

It's the return of the mouth-musher, skull-crusher
Pack myself with two nines and (?)
That nigga all day beating down suckers
Sporting the game making it get more rougher
The face-puncher the hot-cruncher
The have it with gods for the law out-to-luncher
The seven-thirty, know I'm more than a sick man
The streets raised this wild ass nigga from
"Murderpan"
The real rapper the pimp-slapper
The put on the socks with your suit and stay dapper
Whoa, the chump-choker the backwood tree smoker
Stash the gats in the sofa it's all over
One life to live and that's that
I keep my lyrics heavily packed and cocked back
I'll smash you right in your fucking face black
I'm the realest nigga what you know about that
I'm a let my skills shine like brand new chrome
And tell them son-niggas you run with that daddy's
home
I roll dolo from state to state it feels great
And in two thousand get on the stage and demonstrate

[Chorus]

Still nobody guards I stay sucker free
Still sling rhymes hard I stay puffing trees
Rollin' Dolo from state to state
Still drop the hot shit for you to pull out your crate

[Guru]

No holds barred I'm going all out
I don't think your for real I think your all mouth
So bust one for my dogs locked down
And for my real rap lovers know I got it locked down
Untill your blocked down, punks get beat down
You can't rock a party take a seat you clown

I frown upon scavengers and wannabe's
Commit atrocities upon MC's who think they heart is
mean

[Chorus]

Still nobody guards I stay sucker free
Still sling rhymes hard I stay puffing trees
Rollin' Dolo from state to state
Still drop the hot shit for you to pull out your crate

[Krumb snatcha]

Smokey gray Lexus, diamond necklace
We livin' wreckless and die for these inspectors
The four pounders, cock the name on you out-of-
towners
And what, henne' filled cups peep the diamond cut
Ice, paradise, living in the thug life
Married to the game fuck a lame diggin' out your wife
Loving all these block wars do shit that's uncalled for
Make money in your spot get it locked, shoot down four
For all your ghetto revenues
Spraying through any avenue
Running I'll be grabbing you
Hog-tied and smacking you
With heaters on purpose
Hold you hostage like you was Turkish
And your pussy ass elevated gut it down your worthless
These thoughts is vivid and we talk if you live it
Rappers brag about a town but don't get respect in it
Ain't a damn shame, whats that's man's name
That got a flame to his nut
Clearing out his spot with a rusted hook
Trust me it's not this entertainment
Ask the judges that face me on the arrangement
Plus I came with, hundreds of niggas that think the
same
The plastic hotter than acid to melt the brain
You know the rest man

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